¶ The debate and ſtrife betwene Somer and wynter
with the eſtate preſent of Man.

Somer spekyth first

Every thynge of my comynge is desirous
For I cause the trew louers hartis to be amerous
All birdes by me renew their songes glorious
In the shadow vnder my bowes grene & copious

wynter

Frende what be ye that maketh so great boste
Saynge that you haue all at wyll on your coste
Be you so valiaũt as ye say & of so greate bowynte
That so great ioye demeaneth of what contre be ye

Somer

Frende why demaundc you of my hye estate
Of god and his mother I am very puysant create
In so moche that all the worlde dothe me great honoure
I am tyme of somer to all creatures great plesure

wynter

Somer thou docst greate wronge to boste so as I trow
If thou canst no answere make to that that I wolde know
Wherfore sholde the worlde to the do such honour here
Frodeth to life canst not thou reise the ded leyd on bere

Somer

Frende & what art thou to whome I shulde answere
Thou art very olde as thynketh me go shaue thy here
I trow thou art very colde for frosen is thy cote
As great a fyer nedfull is for the as wolde make an yron hote

wynter

Somer I am named wynter that in to many contres
Sende forth of my goodes rayne frost & snowes
Where so euer that I am is founde often great colde
I make riche men were furred gownes & sped soin of their golde

¶ Somer

Wynter loued as I am/ canst thou in no wyse be
Thorow me cometh good wyne/ & corne & good fruices gret plēte
But thorow the all theis goodis be wasted & destroied
Thou causest the people/ suffer moche wo/ it can not be denyed

¶ Wynter

Somer yf that I were not/ thou sholdest be made full lene
By many a beste venymus/ of the which I make the clene
Of snakes/ adders/ & stynkynge wormes & of mamy a flie
From the I make clere delyueraunce by my great curtesye

¶ Somer

Wynter this that thou sayest/ is not worth a drope of rayne
Euery thynge reioyseth my comynge and therof is right fayne
Thou causest all thynges to be kepte in mewe
Bestis birdis & floures/ by the lese all their Joy and hewe

¶ Wynter

Somer thou art not beloued but of the pore and nedy
That with great payne get their lyuyng/ and therto be not spedy
They haue no wyll to labour/ in felde nor in garysone
But only to spoyll of their clothes/ & lowse them at thy sōne

¶ Somer

Wynter all thy saynge/ is not worth a here of woull
I haue the swete nyghtyngale/ that syngeth with notes full
Prayng euery louer/ that he to loue do his payne
Who can than holde hym selfe fro loue/ nother fre nor vilayne

¶ Wynter

Somer theis plesures thou spekist of/ be not profitable
I loue better the good wynes/ & good swete metes vpon my table
That is to me more plesaunt/ agreable & more Joyous delyght
Than songes of byrdes/ & these louers Joye that often be lyght

Somer

wynter I haue yonge damsels that haue theyr brestes whyte
That go to gader the fayr flowres with their louers bryghte
The whiche swetely kysseth them laughynge merely
And than go they thens glad & gay syngynge Joyfully

wynter

I haue moze of my ease than thou hast of delyghtes
I haue my chambres made plesaunte and paynted for all syghtes
There is no people in the worlde greate nor small
Bestys and byrdes wythout nombre but be paynted on the wall

Somer

wyntyr all thy delyte is the belly to fyll
Yett wete to be in a grene herbre where one may haue his wyll
His trew loue to enbrace & to kysse swete
Than to be at the fyre in chafynge of his fete

Wynter

Somer in this good tyme I haue great assembles
I haue burgeses & marchantes with well furred robes
Furred hose & good mantles & good cheynes of golde
For me they make a great fyer to chere my bonys olde

Somer

Wynter thow sayest trew of god by thow accursed
Thou sellyst in to erryle my goodes & mone ynbursed
All that thow lyuyst by-cometh fro me wherfor I am sozy
And of thyne haue I nothynge it maketh my hart heuy

wyntyr

Somer thow vnderstondest not my dede & my reason
Thou haste good potage made with flesshe of my season
As the hogges that I slee that maketh the good bekon
The good brawne of my tyme is eryn afore thy benyson

Somer

wynter god send the an euyll desteny
For all that cõmeth in thy tyme is not worth a peny
Nomore than a man scholde saple ouer the salte flode
And ware sholde bryng ouer with hym nouther holsom nor gode

wynter

Somer men make greate Joy what tyme I com in
For cõpanyes gadareth togyther on the eue of seynt martyn
Ther is nother great nor small but than they wyll drinke wyne
If they sholde lay theyr cote to gage to drynke yt or it tyne

Somer

wynter in the moneth of may whan thou lurkyst in bowre
I haue prymeroses & dayses & the wyolet flowre
The wolych be for the trew louer and his swete leman
That go houe syngyng & make good chere as merely as they can

wynter

Somer entend what I say it is of verytye
The hyest day in the yere is the Natiuyte
Than be capons on the table bred wyn & clare
Many a bore is slayn agaynst that tyme moch Joy is made & gle

Somer

wynter in this tyme be that hath nought hym self for to clouth
when it rayneth & bloweth colde freseth & sore snouth
All the pore comyns they lyue in great displesyr
The pore mẽbres of god that haue so great payne to suffer

wynter

Somer thou sayest trouth a byde we the aduenture
Praynge that kynge/ sone of the virgyn pure
That he wyll geue vs suche bete after this great colde
That the pore comonalte may lyue in ease euer hym to beholde

¶ Somet

Wynter by one assent/ our great strife let vs ceas
And togeder agre we/ and make a fynall peas
God that create this worlde/ & made bothe the & me
Let vs pray to hym to send vs a good ende/ Amen for charite

¶ The tyme presente of man

¶ The more helth he hath/ the more he compleyneth
The more hardy he is/ the more he feyneth
The more he loueth/ the more he payneth
The more he is beloyd/ the more he lyeth
The more he hath wherwith/ the lesse he contenteth
The more he is reproued/ the more he murmureth
The more hye of pryce/ the lesse tyme abydeth
The more mony he hath/ the lesse hym subyecteth
The more vnderstondynge/ the lesse he well sheweth
The more he hath done amysse/ the lesse he feryth
The more he contynueth the worse he lyueth
What shall god say to hym that this doeth
¶ In a prynce loyalete
In a clarke humylite
In a prelate sapience
In an aduocate eloquence
In a cloth good coloure
In wyne good sauoure
In a marchante to kepe his fayth
In a subiecte whan he obeith
In a woman good countenans
This is a very good ordynans

¶ Larges of the frenche men
Loyalte of the scotish men
Clenlynes of the alman
Swerynge of the norman
Cursynge of the pickarde
Hardynes of the lombarde
Sapyence of the brytton
Consyeus of the burgonyon
Greate boste of the begger
All is not worthe a poynte of lether

¶ To ryse betymes/hym selfe to recreate
To loke well to his owne/ & to kepe a sobre estate
Longe or he ete/ & not to soupe late
To ley hye with his hede/ & to slepe moderate
Maketh man ryche/ longe lyfe & fortunate.

Finis
Cum prinilegio.
¶ Imprynted by me laurens andrew
¶ These bookes be for to sell at the signe of seynt Johñ Euangelyst / in saynt Martyns paryshe besyde Charynge crosse.

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